

LINCOLN



NEWS

DEDICATED TO

THE FRESHMEN

OCTOBER, 1928



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FOREWORD

The editor wishes to take this opportunity to acknowledge with deepest appreciation the competent and enthusiastic staff of associates he has been so fortunate to receive. He believes that the success of any group work depends upon the amiability and co-operation of each individual member thereof. He is satisfied, moreover, that these men have been selected and agreed upon by the students, as a fitting proof of their merit, and judging from all present indications, they are substantiating that faith by the production of a steady, meritorious and timely stream of work. This does not mean that these men will furnish you with sufficient interesting news to fill the paper. By no means! It means that they will do only the part in furnishing such news as their duty in office requires.

The paper is yours, to do with as is pleasing in your sight and in the sight of those with whom it may come in contact. Your support is asked through your ample contribution of miscellaneous works.

The only restraint that the staff puts upon work, is the fact that it must be of such nature as is becoming a college man. If this requirement is met with and kept in mind, you may rest assured that you will always find your contribution somewhere within the pages of the paper.

Several changes have been decided upon by the staff, as are decided upon by the installation of every new force. The one of which I shall make mention is the fact that every issue during the present incumbency will carry the present seal which you see on the front. The staff agrees that this shall be a set and fitting emblem with which to identify and represent our paper. The page will be varied, of course, otherwise according to occasions.

The men who will serve you this year are as follows:—

—BUSINESS—

- Manager Howard M. Jason
- Assistant Manager F. L. Turner
- Advertising Manager ... James Murphy
- Circulating Manager ... John P. Freeman
- 1st Assist. Circulating Manager—
M. W. Davis
- 2nd Assist. Circulating Manager—
and Typist L. J. May

—LITERARY—

- Editor-in-Chief L. J. Martin
- 1st Assist. Editor U. S. Tate
- 2nd Assist. Editor W. Fontaine
- Literary Editor C. T. Holloway
- Athletic Editor W. E. Longshore
- News Editor Arthur H. Thomas
- Art Editor Thaddeus Carter
- Secretary-Treasurer .. John M. Coleman

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

The West Virginia Collegiate Institute
West Virginia, May 3, 1928

Mr. Jabez L. Clark,
Bus. Mgr. of Lincoln News,
Lincoln University, Pa.

My Dear Mr. Clark:

You may count on me for a subscription to the commencement number of the "Lincoln News". Since it would be more convenient for me to remit in a fortnight or so, it would be well for you to send me a memorandum at that time.

The "Lincoln News" presents a front, of which discriminating alumni may well be proud. I have shown it to members of my own classes, and to others of the institution whom I am anxious to inspire to more substantial scholastic endeavor.

Yours for a Lincoln of still larger usefulness.

JOSEPH S. PRICE, '12

4424 W. Belle Place,
St. Louis, Miss.

Mr. Jabez L. Clark,
Bus. Mgr. Lincoln News

Dear Sir:

The beautiful copy of the Lincoln News reached me a day or two ago. Accept my thanks and appreciation for the same.

You fellows are moving in the right direction in getting out a student paper that need not be ashamed of its appearance.

Yours,
SAMUEL J. BRANCH

COLLEGIATE EPIGRAMS

Seniors: Of all the (things) I know, Freshmen are exemplifiers of the most appalling ignorance.

Juniors: A Sophomore's mind is like a Fourth of July cracker. It spins with the centrifugality of thought and then begins to shoot off.

Sophs: A "bull" session consists of a gathering of collegiate eclectics (though they are ignorant of this fact) assembled primarily for diversion from study. It finally leads to a free discussion of Sex, Marriage, Love, Predestination, "De Rerum Natura" and Women. The participants are distinguished, not for their powers of conviction, but by the intensity of their gesticulation, assisted by a natural "vox clamantis". The victor is he, who (after all "bull" has been expectorated) suggests a pinochle game.

Alumni: The American Negro is the complex product of European culture, Ethiopian emotion, superstition, and perseverance, tempered by American ideals, restrained by his own minority, ignorance of his possibilities, lack of control of important business interests, and last of all, restrained by an inherent quality of selfishness on the part of the White American, known to the "so-called" superior race as "race pride."

College Widows: Love is a temporary emotion based on physical attraction and the assigning, to a member of the opposite sex, virtues which they do not possess, and placing them on pedestals that only Greek gods and goddesses occupy.

College Sweethearts: Love is an emotion, irrational, insuperable, intense, incessant, ever-ascending and divine. It has a nucleus in the glamor of romance, is nourished by mutual comprehension and dawns with the sweetness of mutual affection. The most astonishing thing about it is that the mind plays a minor part. It is absolutely a matter of the heart.

W. FONTAINE

Be Sure Your Subscription for the "News" Is In.

EDITORIALS

To Editor:

EXPENSIVE SPORT AND HUMAN KINDNESS

The universal kinship of bird, beast and man is not all dream stuff nor poetic fancy. The theory of their mentality has a respectable defense among the psychologists. Hence this writer does not filch his speech from the violent ward when he resents the ruthless and indiscriminate killing of our neighbors of the woodland and the countryside by men who are neither sportsmen nor nature lovers.

There are those murderous individuals who feel that Fall is the time of the year to declare war on all living and defenseless creatures. Thus they shoulder their dutiful Ivy-Johnson, loaded with Remington Arms, and proceed to comb the hills, fields and plains for any living creature that might come under the range of their shot. They say that they are gunning for food and sport and that they are keeping within the law of their constitutional rights. They are. But they do not regard the natural right of every living thing to live and enjoy life, that life that the Creator gave it. They also forget the rights of those about them who are lovers of nature and beauty, such beauty as those creatures that they destroy provide. Reasonable game shooting is reasonable.

Last Spring this writer saw a man shoot down a registered carrier pigeon. That is a sin and a crime, but the murderer called it sport.

Recently this writer visited a State game preserve and saw a coop containing thousands of beautiful ring-necked pheasants. From this preserve, thousands are taken and liberated annually. They are liberated for the gunners and gamblers to shoot down for the fun of seeing them fall. They call it sport—I call it crime.

Here and there, among the coops, were poles standing some ten feet high, and on top of each was a steel trap, set to catch the hawks and owls that might come to carry away the baby pheasants. Some days later I talked to a gentleman whose name may be heard in almost any ornithological class-room in the country, and he declared that not one out of fifty of the birds caught in those traps would molest a pheasant, young or old.

Hawks are not all chicken eating hawks. Most of them feed on destructive field mice. Yet, only last September nine hundred hawks were killed in Southern New Jersey in a single day.

Let us stop this slaughter of bird and beast before our skies and fields are entirely denuded of the graceful hawk and the beautiful beast.

As the writer stood and looked in upon the pheasants, he saw an imprisoned bald eagle, the American emblem, the Lindy of the air, the Viking of the sky; there he was, a prisoner for no good reason, whatever. The thought trickled through the writer's cognitive horizon, that he was nearly the last of the Mohicans.

(Shame on us!

U. S. T., '29

PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

SHELVE THE PADDLE!

Fraternities still cling to the time-hallowed custom of putting the Freshmen through a period of discipline which in many cases is extremely severe. "Hell Week" is the descriptive term which in some places is applied to this probationary period.

The average Freshman does not bear any ill-will because of the beating which comes to him as a fundamental part of Hell Week. He takes his punishment rather as a matter of course. Nevertheless, I should like to state what seems to me certain valid reasons for the abolishment of corporal discipline:

1. No upper-classman disciplines a Freshman in a true altruistic sincerity of purpose. He gives a reason—the Freshman failed to "snap", he is cocky, he failed to do his Freshman duty of keeping the ash-trays clean, or perhaps because he went to the library without permission, (thus breaking the study rules). Do these reasons merit the barrel-stave? During Hell Week no reason is required. The beating is administered simply because the Freshman happens to be a Freshman.

2. The merciless treatment of Freshmen is the main argument against the fraternity system. The fraternity is constantly gaining approbation for its various efforts. States where fraternities have been tabooed in the past have within the recent year permitted national groups legally to re-establish their chapters. Why should the Greeks have a black name carried against them because of one remnant of the black past—the beating?

3. To command respect, we must give respect. Respect for traditions, scholarship, and moral standards cannot be acquired by heating them into a man. We can make a dog change its habits by beating it. But a college student has powers of reasoning. Beating should begin only where reasoning ends.

4. The rough-house tends to destruction. Broken furniture, cracked picture frames, and egg-smeared walls are the usual results of Hell Week.

5. The difference between the mock initiation of Hell Week and the regular fraternity initiation is paradoxical. The neophyte, just out of Hell Week, has to smile to himself as he listens to the ideals of the bond being read to him at his formal initiation.

6. Cowardice is the only quality that can be acquired by the upper-classmen who, because of his privilege of being protected by the influential group, would swing a paddle at a Freshman when he would be afraid to meet that same Freshman in a hand-to-hand encounter. Is this democracy? Is this liberty, fraternity, and equality? Can true love exist where one group has power and privileges over another?

7. Finally, the desire for being a pioneer in a movement that is inevitable should be reason enough for any chapter with aspirations to do away with its shillelagh. Already, the central offices of many fraternities have tried to eliminate the beating of Freshmen.

The writer is a member of a national fraternity. He has seen men beat until they were black and blue; until portions of their bodies were as raw as fresh beefsteak. He recognizes, nevertheless, the true value of the fraternity. He realizes that during his first year or two on the campus he gained as much, if not more, from his fraternity association as he did in the class-room. He thinks the fraternity can give as much to other men, but his

respect and his love for his fraternity is not the result of his intimate acquaintance with the fraternity paddle.

If fraternities are really anxious to promote the high ideals they supposedly stand for—if they truly want to be strivers after high scholarship, decent social life and high morality—if they want to make their organization more than merely a place to eat and sleep, they must act consistently and sincerely. They must get rid of the beating. It is the barrier in the way.

A STUDENT'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me. Thou shalt not in a far country forget the God of thy fathers. He is on the campus even as He is at home.

2. Thou Shalt Not Make Unto Thee Any Graven Image. Neither anything else shalt thou worship—whether a social organization, athletic interests, or any outside activity.

3. Thou Shalt Not Take the Name of the Lord Thy God in Vain, no not even in minced oaths.

4. Remember the Sabbath Day, to Keep it Holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, all thy studies; fill the seventh with those things acceptable to God.

5. Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother by holding fast to the best that they have taught thee.

6. Thou Shalt Not Kill hopes or ideals; no, nor the reputation of the girl or boy across the hall.

7. Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery. Respect the sacredness of love; regard it never lightly.

8. Thou Shalt Not Steal either thy room-mate's or neighbor's time, ideas, work or friends.

9. Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness Against Thy Neighbor, neither in thy room nor the society hall, nor anywhere else among thy friends.

10. Thou Shalt Not Covet thy friends' clothes, grades, social position, nor anything else that thou hast not earned.

—Written by a Simpson College (Iowa) Student.

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MENTAL ERRANCIES NOT ALL SERIOUS

There seems to be a general misconception as to what hallucinations and delusions really mean. If one is known to possess them he is usually put down as mentally unbalanced. This, however, is not necessarily true. An hallucination is a mistake of the senses—nothing more. If you see a clock on the table, for instance, and there actually is not a clock there—that is an hallucination of sight.

If you hear the ticking of a clock when there is no ticking—then your imagination has tricked you into hearing something that does not exist—that is an hallucination of hearing. The same holds true for the other senses of taste, smell and touch.

A delusion is a mistake of judgment. If, for instance, you believe that you are Napoleon or Julius Caesar, when you are not—that is a delusion. If you think that people are prosecuting you, envying your success and seeking to destroy you, if you think that you are the almighty potentate, the pride and joy of your social environment and that the world is a clam and that you are going out to open it up—that is a delusion.

Whether such mistakes of sense or judgment—whether hallucinations and delusion respectively, are the products of demented minds is quite another matter. If you have an hallucination of sight or hearing, and see or hear non-existing clock, try to verify your impressions, find that it is not so, and in consequence change your opinion—you have simply made an ordinary mistake, and your hallucinations and delusions are not insane. There are times however, when certain individuals refuse to listen to reason and cannot be made to see that their impressions are false. In such cases the person is certainly defected and in danger of becoming insane.

It is well to know that our senses and judgment often make mistakes. Only in cases that we persist in believing after evidence is brought to bear that disproves what we believe, are we in a dangerous way. Besides, when dealing with insanity the delusions and hallucinations are numerous. They are also very unusual and very far fetched and out of harmony with the individual's surroundings and past experience. People don't go insane easily, anyway. The mind is a tough mechanism after all.

Fear of insanity is very common. Most people believe that hallucinations and delusions mean insanity and nothing else. Let us know what's what in all cases. Let us banish ignorance with knowledge. That is about the only way to get rid of unwarranted fears.

For the sake of clearness it might be well to cite a definite case of hallucination for example: Alcoholic hallucinosis characterized chiefly by auditory hallucinations of a threatening nature, around which are grouped a system of delusions of persecution, the consciousness being clear. The individual hears voices reviling him or plotting against him. He is sure that these voices belong to certain people of his acquaintance and interprets the threats as proving that he is surrounded by enemies instead of friends. His emotional state is one of apprehension and fear. The prognosis is good, as practically all cases recover—that is they return to the state of chronic alcoholism. Thus it might be seen that in cases of true insanity hallucinations are not as dangerous as one might under certain convictions presuppose.

The case of delusions is somewhat different and somewhat more serious. The delusions may be almost entirely incoherent and may shift, and then be replaced by other fancies, even while one watches; or there may be a fairly coherent system. Evidently as there is such a coherence there is likely to be a relatively consistent and stable condition; and one will expect a coherent system to develop rather more slowly than a system of delusory ideas which have not been thus integrated. In fact, paranoid dementia praecox generally shows a rather slow onset and a very gradual deterioration. There is comparatively little hope for recovery.

As has been implied, recent work by Dr. Pressey of Ohio State University shows that dementia praecox is perhaps best to be understood largely in psychogenetic terms and that early difficulties of emotional adjustment, particular with reference to sex problems, may be the important etiological factor. Thus, the mannerism that the individual displays may be considered as acts of emotional symbolisms. The silliness may be reactions of imaginary sex experiences. The catatonic rigidity may be considered an attitude of resistance to the suppressed desire, and the catatonic excitement a combat with these feelings.

These last two examples were made only to illustrate the obviousness of the extreme case and to show that the daily hallucinations and delusions so common in our lives are not things to be afraid of, nor things to deny and regret; they are simply little slips and blunders in our judgments and senses which are as much to be cherished and admired as to be feared and hated.

U. S. T., '29

HERO WORSHIP

This subject was the theme of a sermon delivered by Rev. Miller in the chapel, Sunday, September 23rd. It is not my intention to collaborate his trend of thought, nor to borrow—as 'tis said Shakespeare did—plots for other uses, but this topic has been one that has interested, amazed and troubled me for a very long time; so since the topic has made its debut, and since football era is extant (a time for hero worship) I deem it an opportune—not to say "an expedient" time to utter these troublesome factors.

All the world loves an artist, (providing that artist is one whose skill in football, whose nimbleness in track and basketball, and whose wisdom in baseball is super-human). The plain, everyday man who spends his intellectual strength in place of his physical, in trying to rid humanity of some deadly scourge—as did MacLeod and Banting, discoverers of insulin as a cure for diabetes—remains unheralded. A victory over micro-organisms which will benefit mankind forever is permitted to rest silently, while a game between two rival schools is talked about months before and after its feature. The latter is good. A fine school spirit is an indispensable factor to the success of a team; but why aren't we more generous with our spirit, especially when the one benefits us directly, while the other one does so only indirectly?

Page after page of every newspaper carried reports of the recent Tunney-Dempsey fight, but hardly an obscure paragraph was devoted to Miss Alice C. Evans, who discovered or rather isolated the trypanosoma gambiense, the germ of sleeping sickness, which was for so long, the cause of great mortality in tropical countries.

The names of Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey,

Tilden, Bobby Jones, etc., will linger in the minds and newspapers for many years yet, but what have they done to benefit humanity?

This kind of greatness takes one back to Shakespeare's time when the greatest thing done was the production of the best drama, wherein "All the world was a stage, the men and women merely actors." As it appears now, the men, great physically, have their "entrances", but no "exits". The men, great intellectually or philanthropically, have "exits" but no "entrances".

Into what does this hero worship resolve itself? Who can answer this? Neither I nor you? Does it mean that men prefer a few moments of enjoyment to the longevity and propagation of human life? 'Tis easier to carry an odor in an open sieve than attempt a reply, but that seems to be the "way of all flesh."

DUSK IS THE HOUR OF THE DEFEATED

Shakespeare has given seven periods to the span of man's life, but in my discussion I have given but three. We will call those periods, Morning, Noon and Dusk.

Morn will be that period from the time man first realizes his existence, until he launches out in the world on his life's occupation. From then until he retires, or is unable to work, will be Noon. Following that, Dusk. Everyone, I daresay, has had the pleasure of seeing Phoebus, as he unbars the doors of the red East, sends the trembling stars to flight, and steps forth on the broad horizon to take his daily walk across our own part of the Universe.

In just such a manner do we as mortals, start out upon our journey of life. At our setting out, we anticipate the endless procession of varied things with which we must come in contact. We wonder through what unknown scenes this road, that has been opened to us, will lead. We feel a strange emotion of curiosity and try to picture to ourselves how pleasant any stopping place along that road will be.

After we make the start, habits, like the verdant foliage of Springtime, seem to attach themselves and spread themselves out about us.

Temptation becomes the pleasing light whereby the weaker of us are attracted from the true path, into the swamps of despair, but those of us who are stronger, will find that every enemy conquered, increases our power, and every danger met successfully, makes the rest of the way easier and fuller of joy.

Noon comes, and its scorching rays shows shadows neither to the left or to the right, but in front of and in back of us. The shadows behind us are weird; we hate to look at them. They are what we were, not what we are. We are changed; let the dead past bury its dead.

The shadow in front of us reveals us as we really are. We want still to change. In some cases, our whole plan of life must needs be changed; in others, merely our mode of intercourse with society. We wonder if it will be a good thing. "Surely", we say to ourselves. "Why had we not thought of this before?" We will attempt it at once. The following day, we do not think it so prudent a step. Many things are to be considered. Might there not be some evil in the change of which we are not aware? The more we procrastinate, the more we shrink from the idea of changing.

Next week, however, our conviction comes again with greater force. "Why not?" we say to ourselves. "Cannot a reso-

lute mind brave and accomplish anything? Difficulty is merely a stimulus to a stronger spirit. The joys of conquest are the joys of man. What need we care for the opinion of our friends? It shall be done. We make our first attempt, but some unexpected obstacle presents itself, and we see the awkwardness of the situation. The ridicules of our friends make us disconcerted and at last in utter dismay, our ardor abates and expires.

One great difficulty lies in the fact that most of us do not know even ourselves, as regards weakness, ability or confidence. Sir Walter Raleigh, by taking off his cloak, and spreading it on the ground before the queen, when she scrupled to pass over a dirty place in the road, won her favor, and worked his way into court. After he saw the queen's favor reflecting on him, he wrote on a window-pane obvious to her eye, the words: "Fain would I climb, but fear I to fall—". Her Majesty on seeing this inscription, wrote beneath it the words: "If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all."

Though there may be many Raleighs today, there may not be another Elizabeth, and the individual who trusts blindly to luck as a mode of transit from the glen of obscurity to the green lawns of prosperity, reminds me strongly of the blind man who volunteers to be leader of another blind man until both find themselves lost hopelessly in the ditch of disappointment.

Alexander the Great knew how to conquer the formidable legion of Persia, but knew not the strength of his own passion. Pope, in touching upon this precept, says:

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;

The proper study of mankind is man,
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state
A being darkly wise and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic's side,
With too much greatness for the stoic's pride;

He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest
In doubt to deem himself a God or beast;
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning such
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of passion, passions all confused,
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled
The glory, jest and riddle of the world.

Soon the fiery chariot approaches the bosom of the west, the heavy yoke is taken away from the weary oxen. The subtle hour of dusk appears, and with no sound to break the silent stillness, we seat ourselves in the arm-chair of retrospection.

Then it is we look back over the road. We are become like men, returning after the absence of many years, to re-visit the embowered cottage, where we spent the morn of our life, but find there only the relic of its ruins.

The review carries us over something like a chaos. The moral, the evil together, are shaken up in the same vase of retrospection. We are amazed that one individual can pass through so many counteractions, diversities and vicissitudes. The endless procession of influential powers seems waiting, each to take away that which the last has given. Now, when it is too late, we are able to see what foes degraded our noble plan of life, and prevented the attainment of our highest aim. We may have been surfeited with capacity, courage and ambition, and yet have

been overcome by one minor foe—weakness.

Macbeth may be cited as such a harmonious character, if the epithet is not applied incorrectly. Lady Macbeth had capacity, ambition and courage, and willed the death of the king; Macbeth himself, had still more capacity, courage and ambition and willed the death of the king, but besides these he had conscience, humanity, and weakness. Consequently, as the dreadful hour approached, he felt an insupportable conflict between these principles, and when the hour did come, his utmost courage failed him. The worst part of his nature fell prostrate under the power of his conscience. He would have recoiled from the deed entirely had not his wife, who knew not these counter-acting principles, shamed him, and hardened him to the deed. Thus, Lady Macbeth, according to her renowned and historic feminine tradition, saw to it that Dusk was the hour of defeat for both Macbeth and the king.

With this little citation, the Dusk of my dissertation fades also. Blackening shadows pester us, with such questions as: "Did we live life in its truest purpose?" "Did you make the most of every opportunity?" and "Is the world any better for your having lived in it?"

What limitless satisfaction we will feel if in our survey of its journey, instead of "weighing ourselves in the scales and finding ourselves wanting", we can say with the poet, Moore:

You may break, you may ruin this vase,
if you will,
But the scent of its roses will hang
round it still.

FINIS

THE NEW SOUTHERN SPIRIT

The other day in Durham, N. C., white citizens gave \$50,000 toward the erection of an administration building at the North Carolina College for Negroes, to supplement \$100,000 given by the State Legislature.

This is just one more evidence that there is a new spirit abroad in the South. Sometimes in reading of inequality, segregation, discrimination and injustice below the Mason-Dixon line we are apt to ignore the less spectacular instances, where just the opposite spirit is shown. It is often forgotten that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been given by Southern whites to help Negroes get Rosenwald schools, and it is not generally known that in cities like Shreveport, Baton Rouge, Beaumont, Waco, Marshall, Oklahoma City, Houston, Jackson and Natchez, public schools for Negroes have been recently erected that compare favorably in equipment with the average above the Ohio and Potomac.

Of course the Negroes are receiving no more than is their due—indeed, not near as much; but nevertheless, considering the environment and the historical background of the section, the friendly whites are to be given credit for the new and increasing interest shown in Negro education.

—Pittsburgh Courier

ON TO LANCASTER!

On October 12, 13 and 14, the Y. M. C. A. Student-Faculty Conference for 1928-'29 term will be held at Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

These three days have a great deal in store for those who have faculty or student problems to deal with in their schools. A great many splendid helps and aids will be brought to the attention of "Y" workers who are in need of definite plans. If

you don't need plans you may need inspiration to start the year off right. Come to Lancaster!

Look who is going to speak—Dr. Sherwood Eddy and Dr. Rufus M. Jones. On Friday evening Sherwood Eddy will speak on "Christ and Present Day Social Problems." For 25 years Sherwood Eddy has been a favorite with students. His almost constant travels in Asia, in Europe and in the United States give a freshness to his presentations. Everyone remembers him as the Associate General Secretary of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A., but he is perhaps ever better known as an author and speaker. His "New Challenges to Faith", "Facing the Crisis", and pamphlets on Youth's Problems have stamped him as a courageous writer. Dr. Eddy will be at the conference the entire three days.

Dr. Rufus M. Jones is one of the outstanding mystical religious leaders of our day. Those who are searching for truth will want to hear Dr. Jones. Dr. Jones now holds the chair of Professor of Philosophy and Religion at Haverford College. On Saturday morning Dr. Jones will speak on "Christ, the Source of Spiritual Power".

At the Faculty Conference recently held at Princeton, attended by more than 200 leading educators, including 75 college presidents, Dr. Jones captured the admiration and respect of all who attended, by his vivid and illuminating illustrations.

Faculty men and Student Y workers can not afford to miss these men. Reserve the dates now. There isn't a finer or better place to be on October 12, 13 and 14th than at Lancaster. You will like the way F. & M. College will treat you. Prof. Paul Limbert will be at the head of the receiving line.

IN MEMORIAM A. F. LAW

On behalf of the Junior Class, I wish to express the deep regret we feel at the loss of a most loyal son, Albert Falster Law. We remember him best for his firmness and courage, when in the face of absence caused by his fatal disease, he was sturdy and aggressive enough to come back and make his class. We sadly miss the sunshine and congeniality that seemed ever to follow him. No, his departure is not only a break in our ranks, but "His virtues shall plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off."

W. FONTAINE,
President, Class of 1930

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS HOLDS ITS FIRST MEETING

The first meeting of the 1931 class was held Monday evening, October 8, 1928, at University Hall. Little business was discussed; however, a surprise is in store for the campus, being voted on by the class.

The officers for the year are as follows:

Mr. F. A. DeCosta President
Mr. J. Davis Secretary
Mr. T. Hawkins Treasurer
Mr. W. D. Jackson Class Editor
W. D. JACKSON, Cor.

Patronize Our Advertisers

OUR FACULTY

General Pershing has his West Point, Admiral Simms has his Naval Academy, President Coolidge has his Amherst, Lindbergh has his Wisconsin, and WE have our LINCOLN to be proud of. Lincoln is and has been for many years one of the outstanding exponents in America in the field of education for the Negro. The names of many of the most illustrious men in the Negro race are listed in Lincoln's Alumni. In every walk of life Lincoln men may be found and they are all deporting themselves in a manner that is becoming to their venerable Alma Mater. We are proud of them.

Lincoln University is one of the most favorably located institutions of learning in America. It was so intended in the beginning. We are proud of that, too. But after all, what is it that really makes an institution great? If the opinion of this writer is of any avail his vote will go to the faculty. If that be true, it is safe to assert that Lincoln is among the best. We have as proficient men on our faculty as can be found in any college in this country. We are more than proud of that. This article, however, is not intended for the praise of the faculty; it is written for the sole purpose of introducing the new members and following out the summer activities of the others.

Here's to you: Our Business Manager, Mr. McClellan, comes to us from the business world with many years of experience, having been in the merchandising business for twenty-five years. He is of old Pennsylvania stock and has a deep interest in Lincoln University. His plans are to work for a bigger and better institution and to help the students in every way possible.

Professor Wm. M. Yeoman, who is assisting in the Department of English and Education, is a minister and teacher. He has taught in the city school system of Philadelphia and pastored a church in Chestnut Hill, Pa. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, having spent his Freshman and Sophomore years in Lafayette College, where his grandfather was the second president. He is also teaching in the Seminary.

Professor Peters is our science teacher. He has charge of all of Professor Grimm's classes while he is away on his Sabbathical leave.

Professor Hodges is back after ten years of absence. He is now holding the chair in the Seminary that his father held when he was but a boy. Professor Hodges is just getting located and has not had time to tell us much about himself, but we are expecting to hear more from him later.

Professor Miller spent his summer studying in the University of Erlanger, Germany. He was doing special work in classical philology. After the summer work was completed he traveled Italy, Switzerland, Holland and England. His longest visit was in Rome, where he spent twelve days surveying the ancient ruins. He sailed from England to Montreal, Canada, and came to us a happier and wiser man for it.

Professor Labaree was in summer school at Columbia University. Sociology was his specialty. Professor Labaree always enjoys New York, and would recommend it as a place for the observing individual to spend a vacation. There were fourteen thousand pupils in the summer school and it is fair to suppose that one interested in the study of personalities would find an excellent assortment of material there. Later in the summer Professor Labaree visited friends and relatives in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. We are glad to see him back.

Professor Ridgley was in England, also. He and Mrs. Ridgley were visiting in and around London, and Paris. Incidentally, they were in Paris on the day that the Peace Pack was signed, although the Professor says that he had nothing to do with the signing. He reports several very interesting experiences in connection with his trip.

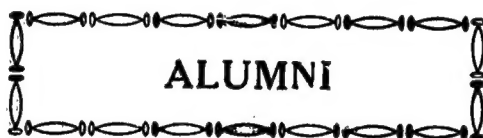
Professor Wright says that he stayed here and kept things in order on the campus. He did say that he was glad to see us back. Possibly, he does not know that we are more than delighted to be back. Here's hoping that we may see the grass grown green again.

Dean Johnson and Professor Boothby were in Europe, also. We shall hear from them later.

Mr. Sweet, of the Class of 1924, is with us again, coming this time to assist in the Department of English. Mr. Sweet has had considerable experience in the business world since he has been away. He was auditor for an insurance company in Atlanta, Georgia, for two years, and he taught one year in Kentucky. We are glad to have him with us again.

Mr. Belcher and Mr. Espy of the Class of 1928 are also with us this year. They are instructing in the Department of English and Science, respectively. Mr. Belcher is doing graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Foster is still assisting in the Department of Philosophy and Psychology. He received his Master's Degree in Anthropology at Pennsylvania last February.



ALUMNI

At the opening of school, we are confronted with the absence of many familiar faces, only to be informed that those men who were with us last year have joined the ranks of the well known group, the Lincoln Alumni. Many of them have perhaps found their places in this great world of ours, some as teachers, others preparing themselves for the professions, some working in the field of business.

A brief survey of things will find for us the places of a few, such as

"Bill" Paul, who is selling insurance in Washington.

"Fats" Phillips, who has also cast his lot among the insurance men in Baltimore.

Peter Hall, who is teaching in Mississippi.

Jabez Clark, who is also teaching in Georgia.

Scrappy Taylor, who is District Superintendent of Schools in Maryland.

Earl Smith—Principal of Parkersburg High School in West Virginia.

Marcus Carpenter has matriculated in Howard Medical School.

Albert Anderson is teaching in Winston, Salem, N. C.

"Dick" Hill is studying in the Harvard Divinity School.

"Red" Espy has returned to Lincoln to instruct in Chemistry.

Farrin Belcher is also instructing at Lincoln in English.

James Dorsey has returned as director of music at Lincoln.

Thus the endless chain of Lincoln men come and go.

ARTHUR H. THOMAS
News Editor



THE FRESHMEN REVIEW

As the bell in the little chapel rang out the song so familiar to the returning classmen, a long line of Freshmen, without a doubt, the longest in the history of the institution, filed out of the various buildings, and into the sanctuary of worship, as other Freshmen—years and years before had been accustomed to do.

Situated among the hills of Chester County, Pennsylvania, lies a small settlement that is known as Lincoln University, Pa. Even the post-office bears the above address, and just a little way beyond this settlement is located the big attraction.

Lincoln University—for such it is that I am writing about—is essentially a school of national interest. Why? Because Lincoln, with its small student body, has accomplished things in the world of literature, art, science, and sport, that has caused the world to, no little degree, to sit up and take notice.

The world can little note that a small group can be reached more effectively than a large group, because perhaps it has been imbued with the idea that from the large numbers where plenty of excellent material is to be found, that here the best minds of the nation are to be developed.

Lincoln has taught the world the fault in such conception, for with a student body of less than four hundred—and all boys—it has challenged the world to produce any better than it has.

So with this in mind we come to the significant situation of the year.

This line of Freshmen had at last come to the first big step in their college career, for the bell was tolling the hour of five, at which time the seventy-fifth academic year would begin, in all the solemnity that had characterized the opening of the theological and academic school years for so many times previous.

Throughout the week the "Freshs" had been given the chance of familiarizing themselves with the institution, the students they met, and the locality that surrounds the buildings, also with the rules written and unwritten, of the faculty and the student body. This year, the Freshmen had the advantage of welcoming the Sophomores instead of vice versa, which was indeed a very fortunate event, so far as the feelings of the Freshmen were concerned.

Shortly after the final registration of all the Freshmen, the class held election of officers on Monday night, Sept. 17, 1928. It was rather an interesting occasion, for in such a short time one can hardly imagine a class becoming so familiar with one another as to be able to elect a leader in its infancy. Anyhow, on general principles, the election was held, and in as much as one's oratorical ability was developed, depended the chances for election.

Mr. Woodland C. Hall was elected the president of the Freshman class, to serve for three months, and assisting him are C. A. Preston, Vice President and I. S. Brown, Secretary.

The class expects much from these officers, who are very competent and able to guide the class through their first year.

Already, plans are going forward for the Freshman program, when the class of

"32" entertains the upper classmen and the Sophomores.

This night, which in all probability, will be Thursday, the Freshmen will show the talent that, without a doubt, will surprise and entertain the gay Sophs.

We look forward with great anticipation to this program, for then the lowly "dogs" will come to their own as real entertainers.

Thus we come to a part in a school's history where the spirit is best exemplified, namely, in the extra-curricula activities.

For a Freshman class just entering an institution I daresay that there has never been exhibited a better spirit for the benefit of the school than the present Freshman class has shown since its stay in the institution.

Among our ranks is an accomplished pianist, R. A. Tillary, who volunteers to play at all our general meetings, and has shown that he is rather adept at organ playing.

Then too a regular orchestra has been discovered, which we hope will provide the entertainment for us this year. Messrs. Preston, Otis, Miller, White, and Hatchett intend to show the upper classmen that they too, can amuse and entertain. They have the support of the whole class in what they endeavor to undertake.

In football it seems the main interest of the class has been centered, for up to date over ten Freshmen have reported for practice. It is interesting to note that approximately three Freshmen hold initial positions on the squad, while Oats of Central High, has just about attained the Varsity guard position. Carry on, Oats for your classmates. They are behind you.

When you block that opponent
Or tackle that back,
When you hit through that line
To make it look slack,
When you get that old pigskin
And run through the line;
The Prep class is with you
All of the time!

V. B. LUKE, Jr.

THE MODERN NAUSICA

"e's still there, "Peaches", said Joe Moss, to the hostess of his swellest "joint". An' 'e's yet to buy th' first drink. Looks too damn innocent for a "dick", yet 'e might be stoolin'. We gotta pick 'im for all 'e's worth. Le's get busy!"

"Peaches" strode forward and allowed her glance to linger on the "Undesirable" until her face waxed a sardonic smile of absolute comprehension. Vamp him! Sure, that was her racket and incidentally, (a weakness to many).

Her moist lips began to twitch and two rows of pearl white teeth appeared and reappeared, like the elusive beauty of a swan floating by a bank of trampled reeds. Her raven tresses were plaited and wound about the ears in a Russian braid. The red lights embellished her visage with an alluring, captivating radiance which rendered her exotic as well as beautiful. She advanced to the "Undesirable's" table, sat down, and allowed her cheeks to rest upon her hands.

If she had only known her victim's age and the havoc her nearness was playing with his complacency!

Suddenly, she placed her hand upon his and the delicate touch seemed to lend him nerve. When their eyes met, as quick as a flash she posed closely in front of him. With one hand on the "Undesirable's" shoulder, the other outstretched as if spontaneously, some exuberating ecstasy had excited every nerve in her body, she flung

back her head and began to quiver in those most enticing contortions known as "the shimmy". Youth, beauty, and passion soon transcended the feeble resistance of his weary mind. Before he knew it she was in his arms, and whispering as she had to so many derelicts,—"Hollywood's a helluva place for "extras", eh, sugar!"

W. FONTAINE

(Finis)

THE FRESHMAN PROGRAM

On Thursday evening, September 27th, the students of the University were the recipients of a rare treat in the form of the annual Freshman program, rendered by chosen members of the Class of '32.

It was truly a pleasant evening from the first number, which was an address by the president. He very wittily described it as being like a modern girl's dress—long enough to cover the subject and short enough to be interesting—and is was really that; for Mr. Hall's address was truly well delivered; his choice of words and general stage decorum was above the ordinary.

The program "in toto" follows:
Address by President... Mr. W. E. Hall
Saxophone Solo—"Romona" ... Mr. Hallos
Address Mr. Benjamin Maddox
Organ Solo Mr. A. Arthur Tillery
Paper Mr. Fred Williams
Recitation Mr. Colden Brown
Orchestra Selection—Messrs. Lowe, Hallos, White, Miller and Preston.
Recitation, "Thanatopsis"—Mr. J. McAden

The evening was particularly enlivened on account of Mr. McAden being the recipient of flowers (weeds and grass) near As a result of this program we are assured that there is lots of material in the Freshman Class along the lines of oratory and music, and we are expecting some of it to be exhibited in the extra-curriculum activities around the University in the near future.

Show what you are made out of, Freshmen!

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF LINCOLN

My little Ford roadster chugged, coughed and spit along from Indianapolis for two days and a half. Our slogan was, "On to Lincoln!" As we entered the portals of Lincoln and stopped just between Cresson and Lincoln Halls, about thirty or forty,—it seemed to me three or four hundred—Sophomores rushed out and began to give orders, all at the same time. I am forced to admit that for a brief minute or so, I felt like leaving and leaving fast. However, I was soon able to make known my classification, and oh, boy!—what a relief!

Being in a boarding school for colored youth is a new experience to me and one which, in the few days I have been here, I have learned to like exceedingly well.

As a Lincoln man I shall first be a gentleman and do all in my power to become an asset and not a liability.

JOHN K. MEDDERS, '30

WE, OF '29

Again we come—we of '29, to fill the ranks left vacant, to continue the work begun, to enter the supreme field of seniority. Let us accept our charge and wear our mantle valiantly!

Three years upon the campus has depleted, despairingly, the number that now finds itself thrust mechanically and voluntarily upon the sill of Life's doorway.

Three years have bound that small number together strongly with the common bonds of brotherhood as well as the undeniable emotion that precedes an impending fare-the completion of his recitation. well.

Lincoln is more than a college to us of (Phi Delta Theta). It is the beginning and realization of many ideals, the culmination of many purposes that have been and will be vital determining agents in our future orientation to new environments and culture. It has given freely of the wisdom of the years. It is a teacher in every sense of the word, for we have learned greatly—though at times, paid dearly for our learning, by experiences that have meant much to us. But despite any inconveniences that we have suffered, we maintain the envied and immortal spirit that only Lincoln men have—and ever can, exemplify.

For the last time we return, but with a fortification of new and firmer energy that we shall lend in promoting the interests of Lincoln in every channel, that she may hold more securely her hallowed place in our hearts and the honored position that she dominates in the minds of those who claim her as Alma Mater by proxy.

If the hopes and prayers of the graduating body mean anything,—coupled with the indefatigable supply of their spirit, Lincoln shall emerge from every contest and enterprise—a victor—and will resume her natural place as leader of colleges, whose ultimate aim is the higher education of America's Youth.

We realize, with sad hearts, that the time stealthily approaches when we "must throw out our nets though we bring in only weeds and a weazened terrapin", yet we will all be able to say, truthfully, when we enter the "cold, cold, world",—"I am a miser of my memories of you—Lincoln!"

WILLIAM ALLYN HILL, '29

BETA KAPPA CHI NEWS

Beta Kappa Chi Scientific Society, founded at Lincoln University some six years ago, has for its purpose the furtherance of interest and scholarship in the various branches of natural science.

In adhering to its purpose, the standard of the Society,—1.80 or less in at least fifteen year hour's credit in the sciences, has been quite rigidly maintained. Because of this comparatively high standard, the annual membership is proportionately small.

However, Beta Kappa Chi is continually growing, and will some day, we feel, be national in scope. At present, it has instituted chapters in several other Class A colleges, as Beta Chapter at West Virginia Collegiate Institute, and Gamma Chapter at Howard University. Negotiations for incorporation in this state are also nearing completion.

To further promote an interest in scientific activity our chapter, Alpha, plans to present at various intervals during the school year, a series of motion pictures of scientific bearing which should prove interesting as well as educational.

Beta Kappa Chi takes this occasion to extend its greetings to all new-comers to our campus, and to welcome into its ranks those who have, during the past year, successfully met its standard.

A. H. JENKINS, '29

MUSIC

There is music in the breezes
As they pass the vales and hills;
In the forests there is music
Which pervades the heart and thrills.

Music issues from the flowers,
When the bees upon them play;
There is music in the wheat fields
When their golden billows sway.

Charming notes come from the brooklet,
Joyous song does rant and ring
From the little alar creatures
As they greet the dawn and sing.

Showers also render music,
Playing on the window-pane—
Who does not enjoy the chorus
Of the lovely, trickling rain?

Everyone may reap of pleasure
And dispense with pain and care,
If he'll only, only listen
To the song that's everywhere.

LAUDENCE D. HOWARD

TREES

The trees are shaking hands
Over the road—
And bits of their leaf-lace cuffs
Are dropping—
Dropping yellow—red
Upon the earth.

I like to see
Tree embracing tree—
With strong brown arms
Entwined in ecstasy divine
And roots—drinking of the same earth-
wine.

Their hair is blown down
Around their nude brown trunks
As they stagger and sway—
Like two happy drunks,
To a carefree song
Of wind-music.

The trees are bending low
Over the red road
That lovers stroll—
And murmuring secrets I shall never know
Of the kiss of rain—and
Wind embrace;
Of dual birth to birds and leaves—
Whose parting grieves their very blood.

And how the bits of leaf-lace
Fall—soft upon the ground
As happy trees—shake hands—
Up o'er the road—without a sound.

WILLIAM ALLYN HILL

RETIREMENT

I want to go to bed
Beneath the earth
And feel the cool of
Seeping rain
Fall softly—
Soothing all my pain.

I want to dream
Beneath the earth,
An earth-dream—
of roots and seeds
That peer through coverlets
Of grass and weeds.

I want to sleep and dream
And never wake
To find hot suns—pale moons—
Thrust sharp in clouds of pastel blue.
I want to go to bed within the earth
And sleep with dew.

WILLIAM ALLYN HILL

POET'S PAGE

HE KEPT THE FAITH

He kept the faith and fought the fight
Though dark and starless was the night;
He struggled on to meet the dawn,
Which seemed to ever stay.
Then finally, in joy and glee
He saw the light of day.

He kept the faith although he bled
And even though his partners fled;
With might and will he fought until
His very hope grew dim;
And then there came the sun's bright
flame
To soothe and comfort him.

He kept the faith when pain and care
Made everybody else despair;
He looked to God, then onward trod
With strength and hope reborn—
And then the night gave way to light
Of soul-appeasing Morn.

To keep the faith in what's begun
Requires the best in everyone;
A heart that's true and hope anew
And spirit which says "always try",
Anyone might withstand the night
And greet the brilliant sky.

LAURENCE D. HOWARD

MAZIE DIES ALONE IN THE CITY HOSPITAL

I hate to die this way with the quiet
Over everything like a shroud.
I'd rather die where the band's a playin'
Noisy and loud.

I'd rather die the way I lived—
Drunk and rowdy and gay;
God! Why did you ever curse me
Makin' me die this way?

LANGSTON HUGHES

COMBAT OF NOX AND DIES

Omnipotent Nox with sparkling eyes,
Scans from his royal paradise,
Demur with the thought that o'er those
skies
Another king was soon to rise.

The slim crescent moon, around which rose
Some scattered stars like hidden foes,
Appears reluctant, yea, even loathes
To rest between such regal foes.

There comes all at once a gleam, a flash;
Dies and Nox have had their clash,
And like a bolt from Jupiter dashed,
The monarch falls with body gasped.

The timid approach of twilight heaps
His mangled form into the deep;
And the trembling stars, like lambs, re-
treat
Into their brief diurnal sleep.

The transfiguration onward rolls,
The scenery shifts from black to gold;
E'en Angels, with startling eyes behold
The wonders of this twilight bold.

Faint streaks of purple now blush the
shade,
Tainted with colors soon to fade;
The Lord of Day in brightness arrayed,
No more by Nox shall be delayed.

NAT CRAWFORD

BARREL HOUSE: Chicago

There is a barrel house on the avenue,
Where singing black boys dance and play
each night

Until the stars pale and the sky turns blue
And dawn comes down the street all wan-
ly white.

They sell hard cider there in mug-like
cups,

And gin is sold in glasses finger-tall,
And women of the streets stop in for sups
Of whiskey as they go by to the ball,
And all the time a singing black boy plays
A song that once was sung beneath the
sun,

In lazy far-off sunny Southern days,
Before that strange hegira had begun,
That brought black faces and gay dancing
feet
Into this barrel house on the city street.

O, play your banjos, grinning night-dark
boys,

And let your songs drift through the
swinging doors;
And let your songs hold all the sunny joys
That goad black feet to dancing on bare
floors;

Then let the woman with her lips too red,
Turn from the bar and join in your song,
And later lift her skirts and raise her head
And sing about the men who've done her
wrong—

Then blues as mellow as the Southern air
And weary as a drowsy Southern rain,
Echo an age-less, age-long, old despair,
Filled with a woman's age-long, age-less
pain;

And all the swaying, banjo-playing boys
Forget they ever sang a song of joys.

O, in this barrel house on the city street
Where black men come to drink and play
and sing,

And women, too, whom anyone may meet
And handle easy, like a purchased thing;
Where two old brown men stand behind
the bar

And sell those drinks the white man's law
forbids,
Dark dancers dance and dreamers seek a
star—

And some forget to laugh who still are
kids.

There on a keg a banjo-playing lad,
Whose languid lean brings back the sunny
South,

Makes up a song all gay and bright and
glad,

To keep the gall from biting in his mouth,
And drowsy as the rain, soft, sad, black
feet

Dance in this barrel house on the city
street.

LANGSTON HUGHES

SOONER OR LATER

Sooner or later you'll forget
All you're saying tonight, and yet—
'Tis sweet for the stars to kiss the sea,
But not half so sweet as you kissing me;
It doesn't mean a thing I know,
But I like your whispered line, and so—
The moonlit night has a thousand charms
As I lie content in your warm young arms.
Kiss my fingers, my hair, my eyes,
Whisper a thousand precious lies!
Kiss my neck, my arms, and then—
Kiss my trembling lips again.
Love me, hold me, just for tonight
Till all the stars are turning white,
'Cause sooner or later you'll forget
All you're saying tonight, and yet—
Never mind the bye and bye,
For sooner or later so will I.

T. A. W.

AN IDLE DREAMER

In yesterday's light, I glanced like a star,
 Before the stern faces of men;
 Youth, with its pleasures, its gates kept ajar,
 And whispered, "I'll come back again."
 To-day near the fire with its amber shades,
 Reliant and pensive I sit
 Dreaming of forests, of rivers and glades,
 And the caves where I 'oft would drift.

The Spring of my life was filled with the ease
 That springtime to nature allots;
 My love, like the tree, was donning its leaves
 Of habit, of custom and plots.
 I wandered through groves, I played
 'neath the skies
 Suffused with the fragrance of flowers;
 And oft while I dream doth my spirit give rise
 To those happy and blissful hours.

My Summer of life, Spring's romance
 made end,
 And Duty then made its debut;
 Ambition began her envoys to send
 To question the future for me.
 I searched for the zenith of Mammon's store,
 And the barren openings to fame,
 'Til I felt like an old revolving door,
 Whose route is forever the same.

So life had its changes, as nature, her's;
 Loved pleasures became a disdain.
 The harvest of Autumn within me, stirred
 The quest for my longed mortal fame.
 Had I the harvest that's worthy of praise?
 To give to the King when He knocks?
 Did I sow my seed where the sheep might graze,
 Or cast it upon yonder rocks?

The breath of Winter encircles the trees,
 Dame Nature has donned a new dress;
 Her head-gear of flowers, of shrubbery
 and leaves
 Is replaced by an icy tress.
 My eyesight is dim, my hearing, bad,
 My body is all racked with pain;
 My memory is hazy, my thoughts, so sad,
 But my reverie lingers the same.

NAT CRAWFORD

TRIGONOMETRY

Ask anyone down here
 Does it make you dig,
 And shed many a tear
 To get that dog-gone Trig?
 And he will quickly say—
 Or perhaps he'll shout,
 I can't get the lay
 Of what it's all about.

If AOP is a triangle
 With a sine of X-Y
 Your mind begins to dangle,
 And you really want to die;
 And trigonometric functions
 Are just too sad
 When your mind's out to luncheon
 And the problem can't be had.

Oh "Prof." please be kind
 All the mathematicians say,
 I know I'm far behind—
 But I'll catch up some day.
 That day shall never come
 If Prof. will give a four;
 We may be rather dumb
 But, we'll trouble him no more.

JIVER JACKSON, '30

ADDRESS OVER RADIO (WABC) IN BEHALF OF ENDOWMENT FUND

By Dr. W. G. Alexander

Associate Director Among Alumni

The contribution of Lincoln University to Humanity has been man-power, as man-power is exhibited in service.

This Institution, founded in 1854, six years before the beginning of the great Civil War, was dedicated to the Higher, Christian Education of Negro Youth.

Its objective then, as now, has been the sending forth of men, who not only have trained, active minds, but who also have souls, which can both appreciate and lend themselves to the solution of great human problems.

Whether Lincoln University has been able to realize its declaration of principles can only be proven by the type of men who have been graduated from the Institution and Lincoln is perfectly willing to be judged by her products.

Approximately twenty-five hundred (2500) men have left the portals of Lincoln. It would be foolish to state, and incredible to believe, that each individual of this group, has been a complete success; but judged by any law of averages, we are confident to claim, without fear of successful contradiction, and it is our boast of pride, that in proportion to the number of men who have attended Lincoln, a larger number have rendered meritorious and conspicuous service than those from any similar institution.

The graduates of Lincoln are located in forty (40) States in this country. More than thirty (30) have gone as Missionaries to Africa, and large numbers of them are to be found in the West Indies and South America.

Wherever the graduates of Lincoln are found they are invariably the leaders in their community, and notably conspicuous for the unselfish and constructive service which they render to their communities.

Lincoln men have entered every field of activity where service is required, and they are the outstanding men wherever they are found, and this is equally true of Ministry, Medicine, Law, Education, Social Service, and other vocations where progressive leadership is required.

It is the proud boast of Lincoln, that many fields of service, which hitherto has not been open to men of color, have been first opened and occupied by her graduates. It would not be out of place to mention just a few of these: The first Negro to open the doors for Colored Men at the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania was a Lincoln man. The first Negro to sit as a member of the Common Council of Baltimore, was a Lincoln man. The first Negro to be appointed a member of the Board of Education of Greater New York was a Lincoln man. One of the first two Negro Aldermen in New York was a Lincoln man. The first Negro to be appointed the Assistant Superintendent of Education of West Virginia was a Lincoln man. The first Negro to sit as a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania was a Lincoln man. The first Negro to sit as a member of the Legislature of New Jersey was a Lincoln man, and the only Negro to ever sit as the Speaker of a Legislature Body in the North was a Lincoln man. The first Negro to be sent as a Delegate-at-Large to a Republican National Convention was a Lincoln man. The first Negro to sit as a Delegate at a Democratic National Convention, in any part of America, was a Lincoln man. The highest ranking colored officer in the World War was a Lincoln man, and the first Negro officer to be killed in service was a Lincoln man.

These examples are typical of the work that Lincoln men have been doing.

While these are examples of unusual achievements, and while many Lincoln men are in positions of prominence, and outstanding in their communities, yet by far, the larger number are just as conspicuous because of their work and service in the lower spheres of activity. There is hardly a village or hamlet throughout the Southland, where some Lincoln man cannot be found, either teaching or preaching, or both, and it is remarkable that men of training are so self-sacrificing as to spend their lives in service which brings such little financial reward.

The work of Lincoln in the past has been rather limited because of resources and equipment. There is now both a need and a demand, not only for the continuance of the work which has been done in the past, but for expansion. The Institution, under ordinary circumstances, can accommodate about two hundred (200) students. At the present time, by over-crowding, which in itself is dangerous, about three hundred thirty (330) are now being taken care of. This past year more than two hundred (200) well qualified, prepared graduates of High School and Preparatory Schools, were refused admission for lack of facilities.

There is today a greater need than ever before for trained, consecrated leadership, and Lincoln would be remiss in its obligation, to not prepare to assume greater responsibility to meet these increased demands.

This however, cannot be done with its present financial and physical resources, and Lincoln is today stretching forth her hands in an appeal for assistance. She has contributed largely of her products in her effort to help humanity, and it is therefore, only fair that those who are interested in the progress and welfare of humanity should heed her appeal.

The Institution is now endeavoring to raise two hundred fifty thousand dollars (\$250,000), to meet a conditional offer for a similar amount from the General Education Board. This money is to be used for endowment purposes, and must be raised before July 1, 1928.

If this money is secured, Lincoln will be in a better position to command the services of a larger number of well-trained professors, and later will be able to erect and equip modern buildings for the housing of students, as well as buildings adequately equipped for teaching purposes. With these additions in resources, teaching forces, and physical equipment, Lincoln will be in a better position to continue to render and to increase its usefulness to the Negro Race, and to the entire country.

The Staff of the Lincoln News is putting forth every effort in the attempt to make the News a better and more enjoyable periodical for the student body during the scholastic year, 1928-'29. The Associate Editors are setting themselves to the task of helping to make the News a complete success. This writer will strive to bring to you in each of the subsequent issues some of the latest findings in the field of psychology.

You will please understand that these articles are not all original—nor will they deal with the same phase of psychology. It is intended that these articles shall take in the field of "Normal" and abnormal psychology as well as the different schools of psychology and the difference in professional opinion thereon.



ATHLETICS

The grid season at Lincoln started off with a snap and spirit that betokens big things for the followers of the Golden Lions this Fall. A husky squad of almost a hundred or more willing young huskies answered the clarion call of Doc Morrison, on September 10th. For two weeks he drilled and hammered them twice a day, hardening and conditioning them.

There is no doubt about the fact that Lincoln is going to have a winning team this year. The spirit is different, the men are fighting like demons. There is plenty of reserve material and above all, there are a number of veterans back to balance the green men.

Besides Doc Morrison, a football mentor of no mean ability, has been added to the staff in the person of Meyers, a former Lincoln man and the producer of Tuskegee's formidable "Four Horsemen".

Ted Walls is still with us, at his usual job of moulding together a line. With his knowledge of the game and the amount of raw material on hand, we are going to have a powerful line that will know no peer on the C. I. A. A., either defensively or offensively.

The veterans of last year, who are back with us are: Captain Martin, "Senator" Hill, "Doggie" Young, "Foots" Allen, "Jit" Taylor, Sydnor, Robinson, "Sheep" Jackson, Jerry Harmon, Temple and Clark. From last year's squad we have: LeMar, Frazier, Shorty Carter, Scott Douglas, Jason Freeman and Charketon. The outstanding men are: Oats, Hutton, Crasson, Ross, Fitzpatrick, Bryant and Lorne.

BUSS LONGSHORE

LINCOLN BATTLES A. AND T.—0-0

The occupants of the Rendall Field "Stadium" witnessed one of the hardest fought, brainiest contests on record. When the game started Lincoln Lions met the Giant A. and T. aggies of North Carolina.

Mud and water stood inches deep all over the field, the rain came down in torrents, but on they fought, slipping and splashing in the ooze; drenched, weary, and mud covered, they battled to the last whistle.

Lincoln received and the game was on. Back and forth they see-sawed, from one end of the field to the other. Neither team ran the ball much, although the Southerners twice threatened our goal from our one

yard line. Shorty Carter, Lincoln's diminutive quarter-back, played a kicking game, with LaMar punting beautifully. Several times it was the "little bears" toe that got us out of danger.

On two occasions the terrible "Horse" Lane, with fierce plunges into our line, carried the ball to our one yard line, only to be held for downs.

The game was featured by LaMar, the fierce tackling of Allen and Sydnor, Jerry's backing up the line, and the pep put in the game by Julie.

The first half plainly showed that A. and T.'s greater weight was of decided advantage to them. Mainly due to the bad footing neither team managed to score. A. and T. gained the most yardage and first downs.

Line-Up:

Lincoln		A. and T.
Allen.....	L. F.	Jordan
Douglas.....	L. T.	Coles
Waters.....	L. G.	Carnegy
Young.....	C.	Patterson
Cat's.....	R. G.	Wilson
H. H.....	R. T.	Cunningham
Sydnor.....	R. E.	Steeter
Harmon.....	L. H.	Coleman
Marlin (Capt.).....	R. H.	Stewart
Carter.....	Q.	Fulk
LaMar.....	F.	(Capt.) Lane

Officials: Contee, Referee; Trigg, Umpire; Reed, Head Linesman.

SCHEDULE—1928

- September 29—A. & T. College, at Lincoln
 - October 6—Union, at Richmond
 - October 13—Shaw, at Lincoln
 - October 20—Va. Sem. & College, at Lincoln
 - October 27—Hampton, at Hampton
 - November 3—Morgan, at Baltimore
 - November 10—W. Va. Institute, at Charleston, W. Va.
 - November 17—Va. State, at Petersburg
 - November 29—Howard, at Washington
- BUSS LONGSHORE

THE GREAT AWAKENING!

The King of Beasts has a great hunger and thirst. He has not partaken of either food or drink for a long, long time. He has been asleep, subsisting on the past flesh that came under his unfortunate paws. His choicest drink is human blood. His preferred meat is Bison, although having the characteristics of a "true Lion", he does not refuse meats of other natures.

On Saturday, September 29th, an A n T tried to pass him on its way to Subjugation, but it was so very wet that day, the Lion heard it as it tried to pass some puddles of water, so the A n T decided to go back to N. C. and try the passage another day, when the huge monster would not be lying in its path.

Saturday, the sixth, found the Lion sunning himself in Richmond, Va. A Union of men there fought against him, and managed to throw a "lucky", which took effect at the second quarter. The Lion's heart, (Julie) palpitated gallantly and featured some wonderful "circulations" as its custom is.

The Lion, after this last result, shall sleep no more. The exertion there in Virginia, gave him a gastronomic aching that will not be satiated until after Thanksgiving, after which time he will again recline in the arms of Morpheus; so all living creatures who value life should avoid all unnecessary contact with that road that leads to Victory.

CONJURE MAN

Morning, noon, all night through,
 Conjure doctor stirs his brew,
 Black bat's wool, a black cat's mew,
 Herbs, bones, a baboon's paw,
 Thrice around the cauldron pass
 Magic wand and crystal glass.
 Body, spirit well nigh spent,
 Somber quiet asunder rent
 With imprecations, vulgar chants,
 Then a naked tribal dance,
 Now a dram of magic potion.
 Agonizing, writhing motion,
 Cold, congealing purple hue.
 Conjure doctor's fee is due.

T. A. W.

LINCOLN NEWS

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 and June by the students of Lincoln Uni-
 versity in the State of Pennsylvania

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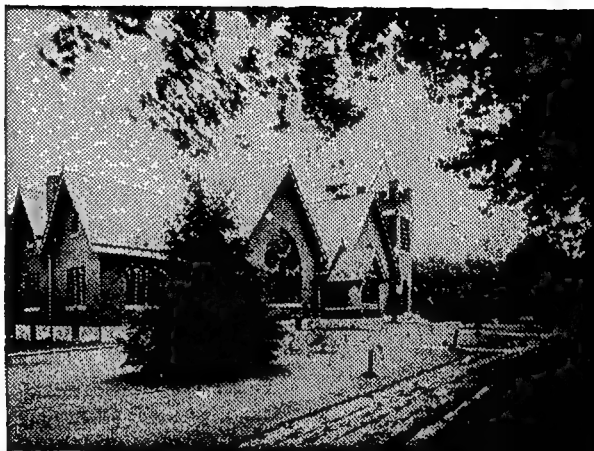
NOT RACE, CREED OR COLOR, BUT SOULS

An article on "Intolerance," I am sure, will meet with the approbation of all fair-minded people. Intolerance can never make people tolerant, but there is a stir of hope, for the people are gradually becoming more tolerant as the present modes of travel and communication are giving them a better understanding than was formerly possible.

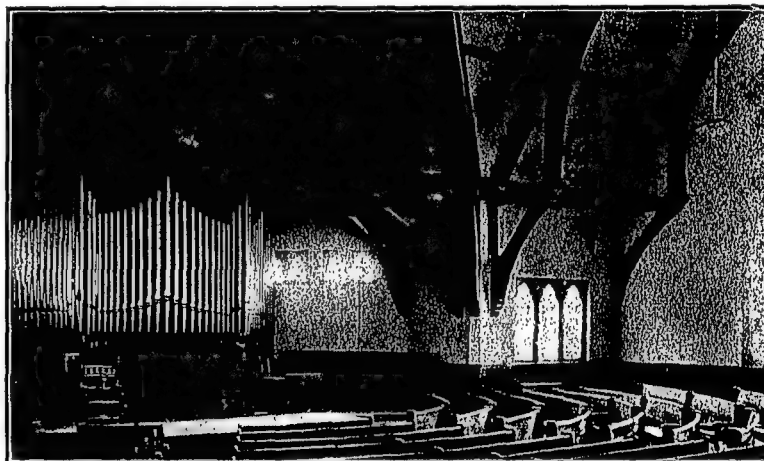
When the dawn of intelligence shall have spread its silvery wings over the eastern horizon of human progress, and ignorance and superstition shall have left their last footprints on the sands of time, it will be recorded in the last chapter of the book of man's crimes that his most grievous sin was that of tolerance.

How long until we poor deluded mortals will learn that there is food enough for all, that the God of Mammon cannot give us happiness, and understand the folly of trying to destroy one another because we are of different religion, belief and racial tendencies?

I am hoping that I will find no Jews or Gentiles, Catholics or Protestants, Germans, Englishmen or Frenchmen when I shall have crossed the river of life beyond the tomb's pale portals. I am hoping that I will find there only human souls, brothers and sisters, all unmarked by race, creed or color, for I shall want to be done with intolerance so that I can rest in peace throughout eternity.



"OUR SHRINE OF WORSHIP"



IT'S INTERIOR'



JOKES

A FEW LAUGHS!

"Why don't men give up their seats to girls on trolley cars?"

"Because they forget themselves, and think they are at a burlesque show."

"You remind me of Abraham Lincoln."

"Oh, thanks for the compliment."

"Yeh, you don't shave either."

Father: "Son, what does this sixty on your chemistry experiment mean?"

Son: "I don't know, sir; maybe it's the temperature of the room."

A Scotchman always buys a wrist watch so he will never have to take anything out of his pockets.

Hostess: Shall we join the ladies?
 Guest: Thank you, but I never smoke.

Rev. Coleman: Were you ever crossed or double-crossed in love?

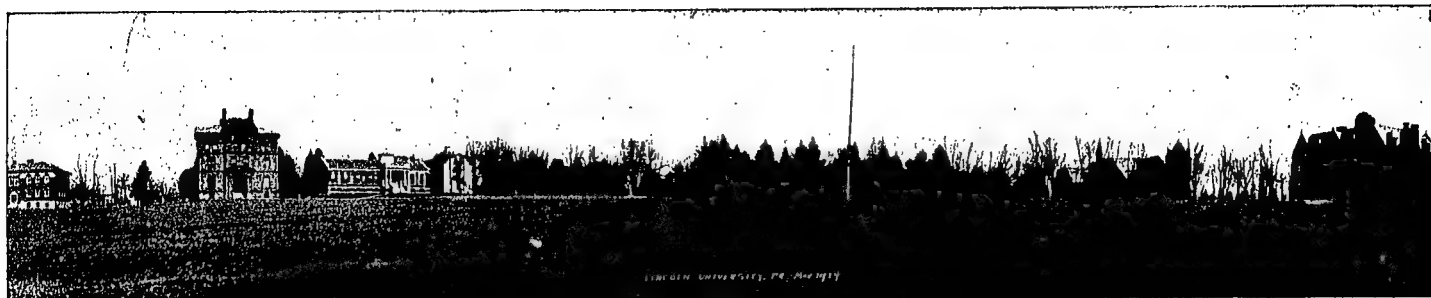
Rev. Robinson: Neither; criss-crossed.

Bradley: How did you find yourself after Saturday night's party?

Shorty Carter: Oh! I just looked under the table and there I was!

Dick Whittington: Gosh, my room-mate surely has vanity. He stands for hours in front of the mirror, arranging his toilet.

Hummons: That ain't vanity; that's imagination.



HOMINES HONORES

For the Past Year

MAGNA CUM LAUDE

Theodore Roosevelt Espy Leon Herbert Murray

CUM LAUDE

Albert Homer Anderson	George Chester Morse
Theodore Roosevelt Anderson	Arthur Philip Motley
Fannin Saffore Belcher, Jr.	Daniel B. Perry
Marcus Edward Carpenter	William Pickens, Jr.
Jabez Leonard Clarke	Shelby Albright Rooks
Harvey McKinley Diggs	Edward Samuel Silvera
Isaac Devereaux Faulkner	William Henry Sinkler, Jr.
Wallace Lomax Forrester	Charles Theodore Valentine
Peter Johnson Hall, Jr.	George Roosevelt Watkins
John Wilfred Haywood, Jr.	Richard Sheridan Watson, Jr.
Richard Hurst Hill	Theodore Rudolph Webber
Henry Arthur McPherson	Donald Wheeler Wyatt

JUNIOR HONOR MEN

First Group:

Mark Edgar Parke Howard McLean Jason

Second Group:

Franklin Bost	Melvin Wycliffe Mason
Hayes J. Burnett, Jr.	William Gaston Polk
Oscar Elliott Holder	Booker Tecumseh Washington
James Langston Hughes	Henry Albert Whittington, Jr.
Leon Alexander Johnson	Ivan Albert Williams
Charles Garnett Lee	Joseph Leroy Williams
Stephen B. McIver Mackey	Theodore Charles Williams
Leonard James Martin	

SOPHOMORE HONOR MEN

First Group:

Julian Francis Murray

Second Group:

Ralph Leonard Baker	Thomas Carr McFall
Macon Moore Berryman	Thurgood Marshall
Toye George Davis	Corey Oswald Mitchell
James Donald Derry	Frank Bernard Mitchell, Jr.
Franklin B. Diggs	Henri Nelson Myrick
William Thomas Valerio Fontaine	Charles Franklin Norris
Herbert Stewart Harris, Jr.	Therman Benjamin O'Daniel
Charles Thomas Holloway, Jr.	Robinson Henry Parson
William Arthur Jackson	Richard Henry Sewell
George Wilbur Lee	Virgil Tate
Walter Eugene Longshore	Hugh Darden Taylor
Stanley Lynton	L. Randle Young, Jr.

FRESHMAN HONOR MEN

First Group:

Frank Augustus DeCosta	Leroy Dennis Johnson
George W. Hunter	Theodore Frederick Walker

Second Group:

Delmar Dunbar Anderson	Arnold Lee Johnson
William Norman Banton	Romeo Henry Lewis
Shirley Baskerville	Lucius John May, Jr.
John Donald Butler	Vernon Alonzo Overton
William Martin David Clark	Eitel Riley
Theodore Frederick Hawkins	Roy Wendell Roseboro
Grover Cleveland Hawley	John Thomas Stafford
Edward Kermit Hightower	John Thomas Sydnor
Hubert Minort Jackson	Leon Stedman Thomas
William Daniel Jackson	Bradford Thompson

CLEANING UP LINCOLN

Much credit and honor is due to our Student Council for their relentless pursuit of the Sophomore hazers. Inspired in their noble pursuit to great zeal by their natural love of order and of virtue they have indeed acquitted themselves well in the difficult task of ascertaining and bringing to justice those delinquent Sophomores whom they consider dangerous to society at large, and particularly demoralizing to the morale of Lincoln University campus.

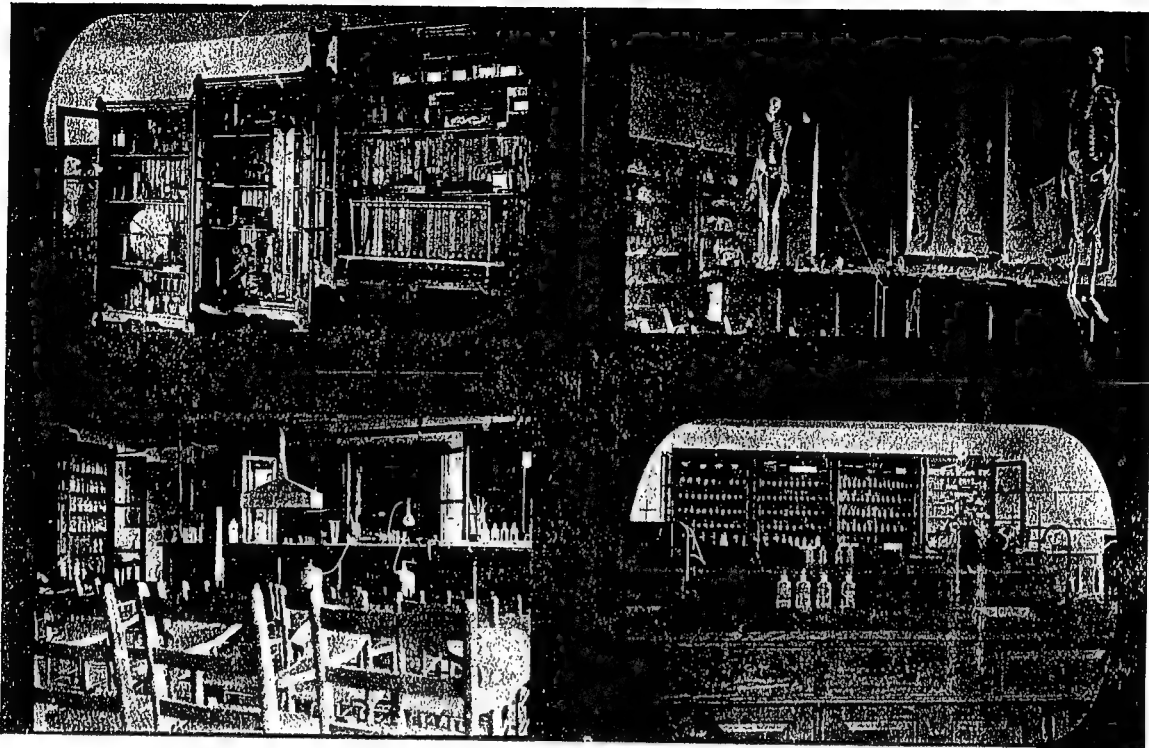
Men of Lincoln should consider themselves fortunate that the powers that be should have arranged circumstances that permitted the selection of that most august and impartial body—our Student Council. Men who like our modern city officials, can reach out their long legal arms into a

multitude of goats and sheep and withdraw the former. What uncanny powers of perception are theirs! They alone deserve all honor for this noble deed, as the faculty entrusts such weighty and important matters to their able hands.

Since "justice is the most sacred thing on earth" and since the innocent must invariably suffer with the guilty, it is altogether fitting and proper that parents of the "Goats" should spend energy and money to prepare their sons to be Lincoln Sophomores, so that our Student Council may have targets upon which to direct the arrows of their just Code of Laws. What if members of our Council have been notorious robbers? What if some of them have even been sent home for hazing? It

matters nothing. It has often been set forth that reformed ministers are the best because they can appreciate the nature of evil. Then the mere fact that they have become members of our Student Council automatically relegates their past vice into the dim background of forgetfulness. They have transcended into supermen. They owe no apology to the Student Body who didn't elect them. Why should they crawl on their knees, beat their breast, and cry aloud, "my fault, my fault, my greatest fault"? They can do no wrong! It is without protest that eleven mothers of Lincoln men should cry bitterly over the disgrace of their sons. They don't mind. The Student Council has willed it so.

ALBERT ABLE



"A FEW OF THE SCIENTIFIC CLASS ROOMS"

LINCOLN'S PRIDE!

Theodore "Kid" Snowden, the fighting college chap, is now back with us. The "Kid", we are told, is a veteran of thirty-seven hard ring battles and has been on the losing end only three times out of the thirty-seven fights he has had. A few years back the "Kid" suffered his only knock-out defeat, at the hands of one of Uncle Sam's gobs, Jockey Johnson, then the welter weight champion of the Atlantic fleet. The "Kid" has a credit of putting twenty-two boys asleep in a row. Recently he has knocked out such men as "Tiger" Davis, Neil Lang, Charlie Miller, the rugged South Philadelphian, "Young Mickey Walker", and his latest victim happens to be the tough Jimmy McAllister, of Reading, Pa. The pair fought in Philadelphia, on October 4th, before a capacity crowd, at Toppi's Broadway A. C. At present, they are having a middle-weight elimination in the city, to find a suitable opponent for the "Kid" to fight on October 25th.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

1. Bradley hates the feminine sex.
2. Sydnor never makes wise cracks in classes.
3. Ted Walker and Ed Riley are never to be found together.
4. "Shorty" Davis is proud of his lack of height.
5. Jerry Harmon hates to miss breakfast.
6. De Costa has decided to study only twenty-three hours a day this school term.
7. Olds believes in the proverb—"Silence is golden."
8. "Mother" Walker believes that speed is very inconvenient.
9. LaMarr has decided to play only jazz music this year.
10. Bill Clark is in love.

W. D. JACKSON

UNION-LINCOLN GAME At Hovey Field, Richmond, Va.

(By Arthur H. Thomas)

The line-up:

Lincoln		Union
Allen.....	R. H.	Williams
Waters.....	R. T.	Gordon
Hill.....	R. G.	Rainey
Young.....	C.	Anderson
Oats.....	L. G.	Boyd
Douglas.....	L. T.	Holmes
Sydnor.....	L. H.	Booth
Carter.....	Q. B.	Breaux (C.)
Julie Martin (C.)	R. H.	Cotton
Harmon.....	L. H.	Allen
LaMar.....	F. B.	MacFarlin

Substitutes: Lincoln—Frazier for Hill, Robinson for Frazier, Frazier for Robinson, Scott for Oats, Jackson for Carter, Ross for Jackson.

Union—Morton for Rainey.

Officials: Referee—Gibson of Baltimore. Umpire—Donshower. Head Linesman—Ike Wright of Hampton.

Score—Lincoln University 0, Union 6.

Twelve hundred ardent followers of both teams saw the Lion aggregation from Chester County bow to the Union Panthers, on Hovey Field, in Richmond, Va. A thirty-five yard pass from Capt. Breaux of the Panthers, to Lanky Williams of the Panthers, brought the only tally of the game. This pass seemed to come as a bolt from the clear, blue sky, and caught the Lion backs off their guard. Capt. Breaux however, failed in his attempt for the extra-point.

The game began with the Lions kicking off to the Panthers and from this point on the battle was at its height, with each team fighting to gain its supremacy over the other. During the first period, the Lions blocked four punts in succession within the thirty-five yard zone of the Panthers' territory. In spite of their fighting efforts the Lions failed to score,

although it seemed almost evident that they would.

In the second quarter of the game the Panthers made their tally. The Panthers had driven the Lions down the field into their own territory by a succession of end runs, and then came the crucial point of the game. Breaux then threw a thirty-five yard pass to Williams that made their first and only tally of the game. In the early part of this period the Lions had threatened the Panthers' goal line, when Harmon completed a thirty-five yard pass to Jackson, who carried it to the three yard line. This was one of the Lions' opportunities to score, but a penalty prevented the same. Another more pronounced opportunity came when Harmon completed a pass of thirty yards to Sydnor, who practically faced a clear field. A Panther appeared from what seemed to be out of the clear blue sky, and stopped him after a few steps. This occurred in the last period of the game. In spite of the fact that both teams were penalized persistently for roughness, the game was a true thriller.

On Saturday, October 13th, the Lions will meet Shaw, at Lincoln University.

"IT IS SAID"

1. That Stretch Sydnor has the makings of a great jumper. Good luck, ole man!
2. That Bradley, in his last track meet, showed his heels to many well known track stars. Keep up the good work "Brad", the school is backing you.
3. That "Kid" Snowden, the new fistic sensation, has the makings of a "champ" if he is brought along carefully.
4. That Jerry Harmon, last year's star pitcher, defeated the strong House of David nine this past summer. Bad omen for our baseball rivals next spring.
5. That the Sophomore class has a surprise for the campus soon. Keep on the lookout.

W. D. JACKSON

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